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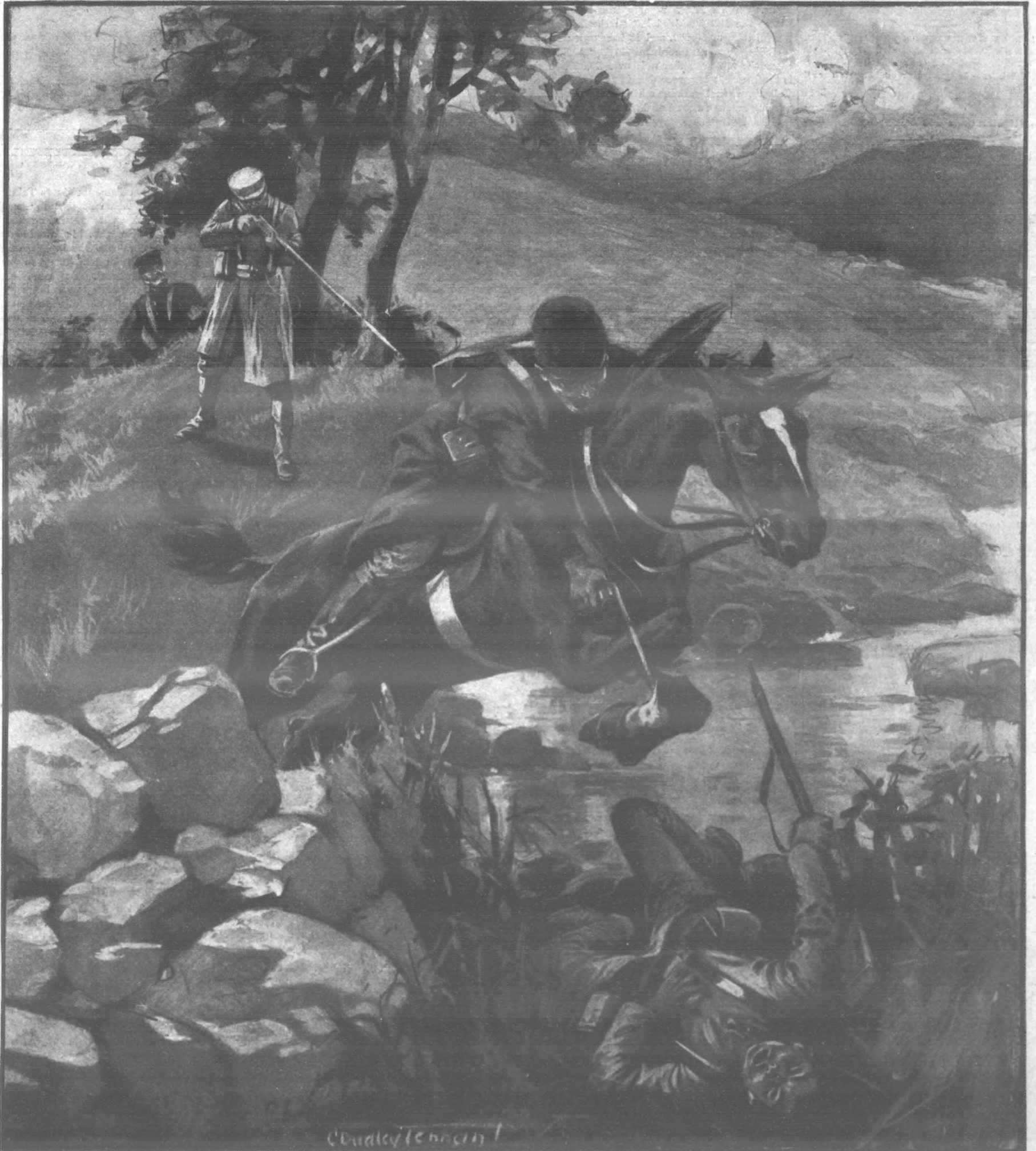
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FOOTBALL AND RACING PHOTOGRAPHS. SPLENDID WAR PICTURES.

(See Inside.)



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THE STORY OF THE WAR

RECORDED FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

Kuropatkin's Defeat.

TERRIBLE indeed was the battle which, raging for several days, resulted in the decisive defeat of the Russian commander.

Gigantic forces were upon the field, and the losses inflicted by the Japanese were enormous. In his latest reports Marshal Oyama places the Russian dead left on the field at the fearful total of 10,000, and it is computed that, including wounded and missing, the Russian casualties must number well over 50,000. This is the heaviest loss recorded in any battle since Leipzig, when the French killed, wounded, and missing reached a total of 60,000.

Official dispatches (says a *Mail* correspondent in a dispatch from Tokio, dated Oct. 15) state that the enemy's object has been entirely frustrated by



GENERAL KUROPATKIN DECORATING A SOLDIER ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



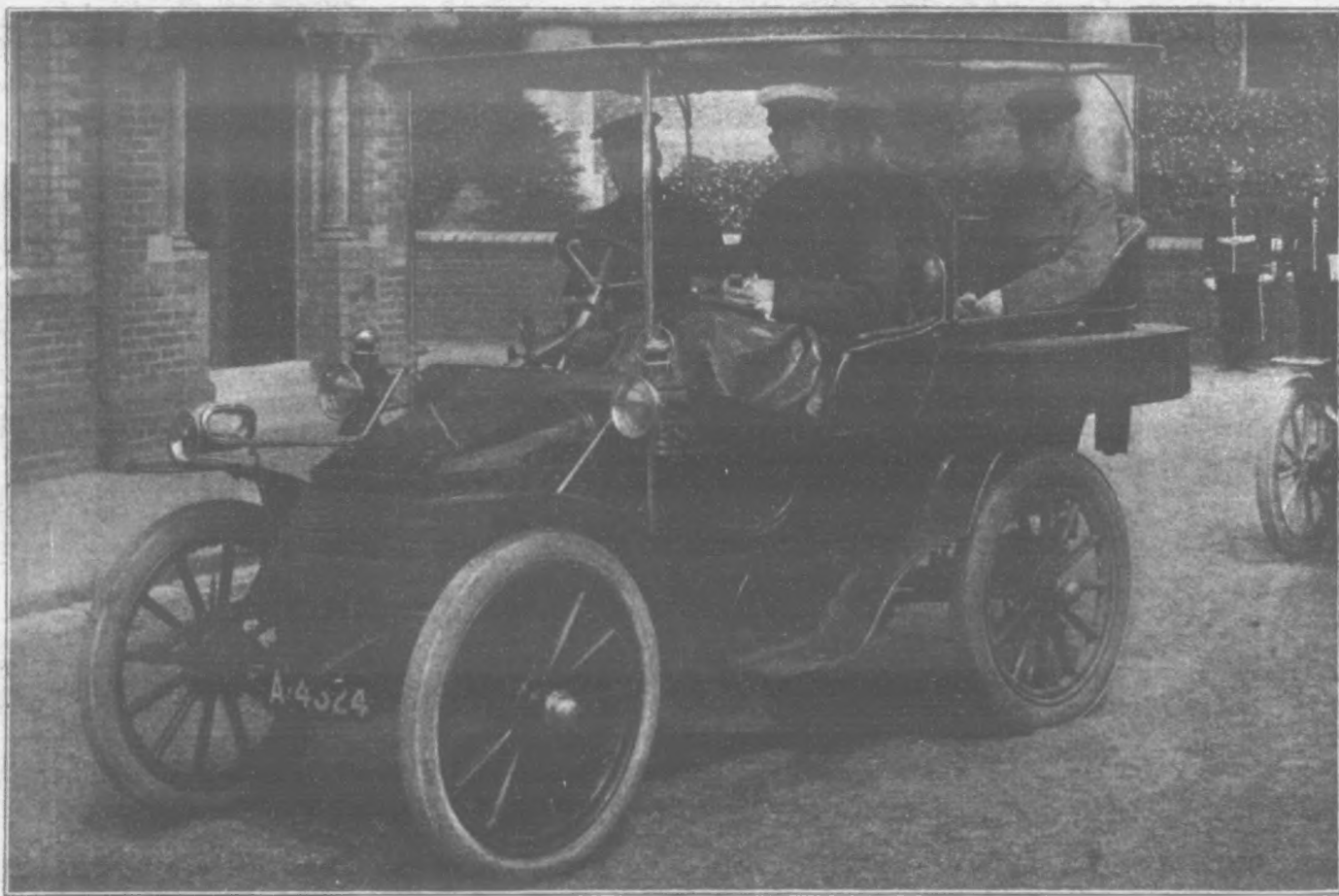
RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

the left wing. The killed on the left side of the field of battle are so numerous that it is impossible to count them. The corpses interred from

Oct. 10 to Oct. 13 number over two thousand. The trophies are numerous. The force of the enemy opposing the right flank of our army and

holding the line from Tumentzulin to Talin was engaged with our detachment sent to Pensihu, but was unable to keep its ground against the Japanese attack, and on Oct. 14 showed signs of retreat. The commander of the Japanese thereupon ordered the Pensihu detachment to pursue towards the north and east. The same detachment, immediately forming two columns, pursued the enemy towards Pintaitse and Siataho, driving the enemy before them. The enemy stopped at Piennhungpo and are fortifying positions.

The right column of our army, which had been engaging the Russians near Chiaohsientin, on observing that the enemy were showing signs of retreat, immediately gave chase towards Taichiaku, while the centre and left columns, co-operating, attacked the enemy holding positions near Sikushan. The enemy were defeated, and our forces advanced in line to the Shaho River. The enemy opposing our left column, and numbering about one division, fled in confusion toward Bentsiaputse. Their artillery are still holding positions near Tashan and bombarding our forces. A Japanese body in support, after driving a small force of the enemy before them, on Oct. 14 seized Waitao-shan. On observing the enemy's wagon column beginning to retreat about three p.m., they



THE ACCIDENT TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ON HIS MOTOR-CAR.

Photo. Russell.

SCENES FROM "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT," AT THE IMPERIAL.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



Photo. "Typical."

MOTOR RACES AT BLACKPOOL: STARTING.

pursued them and sent a portion of the force to Sungshutsintzu

Advance to the River.

The Centre Army, after attacking and dislodging the forces holding Changlintse, Putsaowa,

directed against Huanghiatuniz, and drove the enemy northward. At 1 p.m. on Oct. 14 they seized the heights in that neighbourhood. The centre column, after defeating the enemy posted on the eminences south of Shahopo, seized the positions. A portion of the centre column, which



Photo. "Typical."

MOTOR RACES AT BLACKPOOL: THE START FOR THE MOTOR-BICYCLE RACE, CLASS B.

is thirty, and several hundred prisoners have been taken. The enemy's object has thus been completely frustrated. The battle is still raging, but it is estimated that the enemy's losses are over 30,000, in addition to thirty guns and an enormous amount of trophies. The Japanese

was about sixty killed and wounded, including officers. The Japanese casualties were two sub-lieutenants and one sub-officer slightly wounded; very few of the rank and file were killed and wounded.

Terrible Russian Losses.

A revised estimate of the enemy's losses on the right alone gives the killed as 4500 and the wounded as 15,500. The spoils up to date are calculated at six ammunition-wagons and 2000 shells. The enemy's losses and the spoils in the direction of the Centre and Left Armies are being investigated. Official reports show that the Japanese occupied Shahopo and Lyumutun towards the evening of Oct. 15, after a sharp fight. On the afternoon of Oct. 15 the left column of the Left Army was opposed by one detachment at Houltajentun, but the Japanese detachment drove off the enemy's cavalry and made a stout resistance at Santokangtsu and the vicinity till sunset. A detachment of the Centre Army and another of the Left Army are still engaging them. The Japanese casualties in the direction of the Left Army from Oct. 10 to Oct. 15 number 3500. According to a statement made by officers captured by the Centre Army, the enemy's position is as follows: The Port Arthur garrison is daily being reduced in numbers, and is in a disastrous condition; while in the direction of Manchuria reinforcements are constantly arriving from Europe, the present strength of General Kuropatkin's forces in the neighbourhood of Mukden being over nine army corps. The Tsar, therefore, on Sept. 27 ordered him not to retire a step beyond Mukden, and if circumstances allowed, to resume the offensive as quickly as possible and drive the Japanese from South Manchuria in order to rescue the Port Arthur garrison.

**BERLIN'S MUNICIPAL CLOCK.**

SEVENTEEN CLOCKS SIMILAR TO THE ONE HERE SHOWN HAVE BEEN ERECTED IN BERLIN THIS MONTH.

Tungchiafen, and adjoining places on Oct. 14, drove them north of the Shaho, and reached the line of that river. As regards the Left Army, the main strength of the right column was



Photo. "Typical."

MOTOR RACES AT BLACKPOOL: A CLOSE-RUN HEAT BETWEEN NOS. 115 AND 116 FOR THE DARRACQ CUP.

was directed against Linchipu, co-operating with a portion of the left column, fought a fierce battle, and by 4 p.m. stormed Linchipu successfully. The same force is now pursuing the enemy who were holding Linchipu, consisting of over one regiment of infantry and two batteries of artillery. They have retreated to Sufangtai, where they halted and took up a position. The centre column is chasing the enemy towards Yuboktun. The enemy opposing the left wing of our army in the neighbourhood of Changliangpo, where our left column was engaging, were gradually reinforced. At 3.20 p.m. they made a counter-attack, but were repulsed by our left column. The strength of the enemy opposing our left column was fully four regiments of infantry and about ten batteries. The result of the continuous fighting from Oct. 10 to Oct. 14 has been favourable everywhere, though the enemy's strength was always superior. Not only were the enemy defeated, but they were vigorously pursued, and the Japanese are forcing them against the left bank of the Hunho, inflicting heavy losses. The number of guns captured

casualties on Oct. 11 and 12 were: Officers killed, 15; wounded, 46; rank and file killed and wounded, 1250.

The enemy defeated by the garrison at Sienchiang on Oct. 10 appear to be fighting near Pintienshan. According to statements by prisoners, this force was formerly posted near Lutaohotzu. The prisoners state that their loss

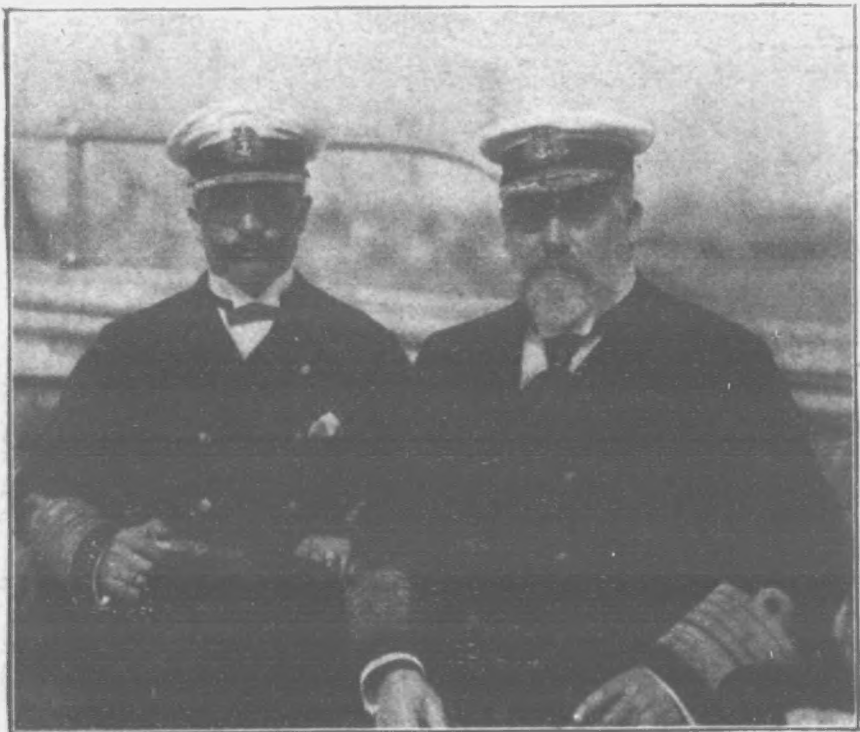


Photo. Landt, Berlin.

KING AND KAISER.

PHOTOGRAPH OF KING EDWARD AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR, TAKEN DURING THE KING'S RECENT VISIT TO GERMANY.

**MRS. BROWN POTTER, NÉE MISS MAY HARDY.**

A FAMOUS BEAUTY OF VIRGINIA, MISS HARDY RECENTLY MARRIED MR. JAMES BROWN POTTER IN NEW YORK.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE KING Visits Woolwich.—The King returned to London on Monday, after passing the week-end at Sandringham. His Majesty on Wednesday visited Woolwich to inspect the Royal Artillery, of which he has been Colonel-in-Chief since the death of the Duke of Cambridge. The King afterwards inspected the cadets of the Royal Military Academy.

Accident to the Duke of Connaught.—The Duke of Connaught has had a narrow escape from death in Edinburgh, owing to the motor-car in which he was riding coming into collision with a heavily laden cart. His Royal Highness had left the North British Hotel in the motor-car which he had been using during his inspection tour to join the Duchess of Connaught at Gosford House, East Lothian, the seat of the Earl of Wemyss. He was accompanied by Major Murray, his aide-de-camp, and by Captain McLaren, aide-de-camp to General Sir Charles Tucker. The chauffeur was Mr. Henderson, manager of the Scottish Automobile Club, and the car was followed by another containing members of his Royal Highness's suite. When near Piershill Barracks, about two miles



CHARLES HARRISON,

THE NEGRO WHO IS CHARGED IN CONNECTION WITH THE HIGHGATE OUTRAGE.

from the hotel, the Duke's car ran into a large country cart which was carrying no lights. The side of the car on which His Royal Highness was sitting was torn away, and he was thrown into the roadway, the rug which was wrapped round his knees being torn to pieces. The partially wrecked car mounted the pavement and ran alongside a wall, but was pulled up within a few yards. Major Murray and Captain McLaren at once hastened to the Duke's assistance. His Royal Highness was lying in the road, his face covered with blood from wounds on the head and left ear. Without delay the Duke was placed in the second car and driven back to the North British Hotel, which was reached at about seven o'clock. His Royal Highness was able to walk up to his bed-room, where Professor Annandale and Professor Sir John Cheyne were soon in attendance. It was found that the Duke had sustained a scalp wound, which required two or three stitches, and a cut on the left ear. Happily, the doctors in attendance were able to issue reassuring bulletins, and their Royal patient continuing to make good progress, any fears of serious developments were soon dispelled. The driver of the car sustained severe, though not dangerous, injuries, which have since kept him to his room.

Death of the King of Saxony.—King George of Saxony died peacefully at Pillnitz Castle, on Saturday morning last. The deceased monarch, who was born in 1832, reigned for little more than two years, having succeeded his brother, King Albert, on June 19, 1902. In the war of 1896, between Prussia and Austria, he commanded the 1st Brigade of light cavalry, with the rank of Major-General. He also served with great distinction in the Franco-German War. The new King of Saxony is the Crown Prince Frederick, the late ruler's eldest son. He is in his fortieth year.

King of Portugal's Coming Visit.—The King and Queen of Portugal have, it is understood, intimated their willingness to pay a visit to London during their forthcoming visit to Windsor Castle, should time and circumstances permit. Preparations are being made at

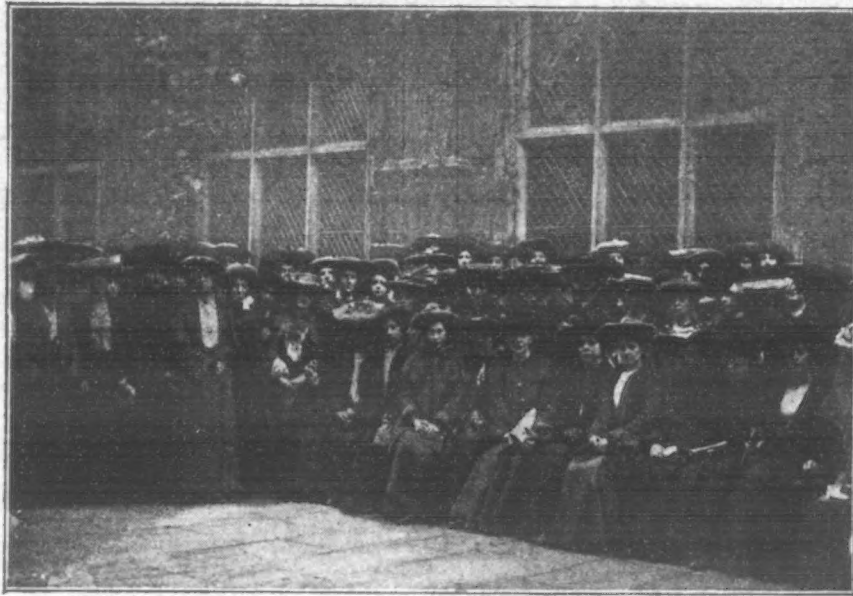
Rupture Cure.

At Home. Without Operation. Thrilling Words From Those Who Recover.

It is no longer necessary to undergo an operation for rupture, nor to wear torturous steel trusses. Hundreds of ruptures have been cured at home by the Rice method without pain, danger, loss of time from work or operation. Old men with severe, long-standing ruptures have been cured as well as younger men with recent ruptures. Mr. R. A. Heighton, 5, River Lane, Thorp Road, Peterborough, used this treatment. As a foreman plate-layer he had much heavy work, but it did not affect the cure. He says: "I am confident if people who are suffering from rupture would only give your method a trial they would be cured. In my hurry one morning, after I had given your treatment a thorough trial, I went to work without any support for the ruptured place, and did not find it out for an hour and a half, so you see I am cured. I am a foreman plate-layer, and as our work is very distressing at times, my cure proves your treatment of rupture is reliable."

Mr. R. HEIGHTON.

Such a method of cure is of immense value to every ruptured person. The references that are given to prove that his method has cured innumerable cases are indisputable. Write at once to W. S. Rice, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 1392), 8 and 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.4, for a description of this method and one of his samples, which he sends free upon application. Write him at once—to-day. Now is your opportunity.



Photo, Barratt.

THE TEA-PACKERS' STRIKE: SOME OF THE STRIKERS.

THIS DISPUTE HAS NOW BEEN SATISFACTORILY SETTLED, AND THE GIRLS HAVE RETURNED TO WORK.

Windsor for the Royal visit. The festivities will include a State Banquet, a torchlight military procession, and a State theatrical performance. The approximate date of the Royal visit is Nov. 15.

Army and Navy Items.—The designation "Army Corps" in respect to the four principal home military commands is discontinued. The First Army Corps is renamed the Aldershot Command; the Second, the Southern Command; the Third, the Irish Command; and the Fourth, the Eastern Command. Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood will for the present remain in charge of the new Southern Command, with headquarters at Salisbury. The 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers have been directed to provide an escort for the Lord Mayor on Nov. 9. The bands of the 1st Life Guards and the 21st Lancers will be included in the procession. Colonel Walsh, late in command of the 20th (Lancashire Fusiliers) Regimental District at Bury, has taken over the appointment of chief recruiting staff officer of the London recruiting district. The transport *Soudan* sails from Bombay this week, bringing home from India the 1st Battalion Cheshire Regiment, who have been abroad since 1885. The vessel is due to arrive at Southampton on Nov. 12. A new Household Cavalry challenge cup for shooting has been presented to be competed for by troopers of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards. The first match at Runnymede Ranges resulted in a victory for the 2nd Life Guards by 41 points; while the "Blues" defeated the 1st Life Guards by 12 points. The distances were 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots at each. The Admiralty has directed that a dry dock at Chatham shall be placed at the service of one of the American war-ships lying off Gravesend for her hull to be scraped.

Valuable Work of Art Stolen.—A miniature portrait in oils of Baron Dimsdale, painted by Andrew Pinner, a famous artist of the eighteenth century, has disappeared from the walls of the National Portrait Gallery under remarkable circumstances. At noon on Wednesday, Oct. 5, the miniature was in its place; at three o'clock in the afternoon it was missing. The frame of the miniature had been screwed to the wall in four places, and the thief had evidently removed three of the screws on various occasions and left the miniature hanging by the top screw only. Then on his last visit he had wrenched the picture from

the wall, and made off with it without attracting attention. The police have issued a full description of the miniature, which is 1½ in. by 1½ in., and was enclosed in a gilt frame about 6 in. by 8 in., marked "N. P. G. Cox." A description is also given of a man who is suspected of the theft. The man's age is about 28, height 5 ft. 5 in., with dark hair and slight moustache. He was wearing dark trousers, a dark grey jacket, and a hard black felt hat. The police theory is that the picture has been stolen by a foreigner with a mania for miniatures. It is considered unlikely that any ordinary thief would steal such a work with the idea of selling it. The missing miniature was an heirloom in the family of Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the well-known London banker, and was presented to the National Portrait Gallery in 1880.

Country Mansion Burned Down.—Early on Saturday morning last Quorndon Hall, the Derbyshire residence of the Hon. W. M. Jervis, was destroyed by fire. There was fortunately no loss of life, and a quantity of furniture and silver was saved. Mr. and Mrs. Jervis escaped in their night attire by a door leading to the conservatory. A thrilling scene attended the escape of two of the maid-servants. Prevented by the dense smoke from getting downstairs, they tore some sheets into strips and improvised a rope. One end of it they secured to a bedstead, and then getting through the window, they slid in safety to the ground.

The Welsh Murder Mystery.—At Carnarvon Police Court, the charge against Mary Ann Williams of having murdered an old woman named Jane Williams at Park Farm, Llanrug, was dismissed, no evidence being offered. The charge of attempted suicide against the accused was also dismissed.

Convict's Dash for Liberty.—A daring bid for freedom was made last Saturday afternoon by a convict named Groves, who has served three months of his term of eighteen months' imprisonment at Wormwood Scrubs. Groves is a carpenter by trade, and had been employed in one of the prison workshops. Day by day he somehow managed to convey strips of wood to his cell until he had sufficient concealed there for the construction of two small lengths of rough ladder. These he kept

hidden from the warders, awaiting his opportunity to use them. At about four o'clock last Saturday afternoon his chance came. Joining his two ladder sections together, Groves mounted to the roof, and from there reached the north boundary wall of the prison. From the wall he dropped on to the common, and for two hours was a free man, although warders and police were hunting the neighbourhood for him. Eventually four young men found him crouching behind a tree near Acton Golf Links, and, after a brief chase, Groves was captured and taken back to prison.

Bexley Gamekeeper Committed for Trial. A coroner's inquiry was held at Sideup into the death of a labourer named George Brazier, who was fatally shot in a wood at Bexley, Kent, by John Curtis, a gamekeeper. David Collins stated that he accompanied Brazier into the wood to get chestnuts. When Curtis appeared they ran away. Witness then heard two reports of a gun, and Brazier called out that he was shot. In his dying deposition the deceased stated that he saw Curtis point his gun at him and fire. The shots struck leaves on the right of him. Curtis then called out, "If you do not stop I shall fire the other one at you." The gun went off again, and the shot hit him in the leg. The keeper's account of the affair was that he saw two dogs and heard someone say, "There are rabbits over there." He was



FRANK ALLGOOD,

THE VICTIM OF THE OXFORDSHIRE TRAGEDY.

following the two men when he fell into a thicket, and the gun exploded. After hearing further evidence, the jury found that Curtis shot Brazier, but not deliberately, or with any intention of killing him, but with the idea of stopping him. This finding was regarded by the coroner as equivalent to one of manslaughter, and a verdict was returned accordingly. Curtis was formally charged at Dartford Police Court on Monday and remanded for a fortnight, bail in £200 being allowed.

The Tottenham Tragedy.—Albert James Holmes, the paralysed cripple who is accused of murdering his baby nephew with a poker on the 2nd inst., was again brought up at the Tottenham Police Court. The prisoner's mother stated that her husband, who was at one time a policeman, tried to commit suicide by shooting himself shortly after leaving the force. A good situation was found for him, but he absconded with his employer's money, and went to the United States. Since that time—over eighteen years ago—she had heard nothing of him. After other witnesses



BURGLARS OPEN A SAFE AT LAMBETH LAST WEEK.

AFTER WORKING WITH GREAT SKILL AND DARING ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE GANG EXPERIENCED GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT WHEN THEY FOUND THE SAFE CONTAINED ONLY TWENTY POUNDS.

SKETCHES OF MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



THE EAST-END TRAGEDY: THE SCENE OF THE CRIME
IN COMMERCIAL ROAD.

THE CROSS INDICATES THE ROOM IN WHICH MISS FARMER'S BODY WAS DISCOVERED.

and given evidence. Holmes, who pleaded not guilty and reserved his defence, was committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

East-End Murder Mystery.—At the Stepney Coroner's Court last week an inquiry was opened into the circumstances attending the death of Miss Emily Farmer,

bound, and a dirty duster was thrust tightly into her mouth. She was fully dressed except for her boots. The room was in great disorder, drawers having been pulled open and their contents strewn over the floor. Dr. Grant, the police surgeon, stated that when called to the deceased, *rigor mortis* had not set in. She was alive half an hour before. On the left wrist was a continuous bruise, and on the right wrist was



THE EAST-END MURDER: MISS BAKER,
WHO WAS THE FIRST TO DISCOVER MISS FARMER'S BODY.



THE EAST-END TRAGEDY: MISS FARMER,
THE VICTIM.

sixty, who carried on business as a newsagent at No. 480, Commercial Road, E. Early on the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 12, Miss Farmer was attacked in her shop, gagged, bound, and carried up to her bed-room. When discovered, she was lying face downward on the bed. Her hands were tied tightly behind her, her ankles

a similar bruise, while there was an abrasion on the chin, also showing that great violence had been used. The lips were torn, and the tongue had been badly cut by the teeth in the woman's dying struggles. The cause of death was asphyxiation, due to the mechanical obstruction of the air-passages. The Coroner adjourned the inquest in order

that the police might complete their inquiries. On Monday two men were placed in the dock at Thames Police Court on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Miss Farmer. They were described on the charge-sheet as Conrad Donovan, thirty-four, seaman, Church Row, Limehouse, and Charles Wade, twenty-two, labourer, Grosvenor Street, Ratcliff. Both men were respectfully dressed. The only witness called was a youth named Robert Rae, of Old

Stone Carving by Machinery.—The application of machinery to sculpture, which caused quite a flutter in artistic circles a little while ago, has been carried further, and the Wenzel Sculpturing and Carving Machine is now not only an indispensable adjunct to the maker of marble statues, but also to the builder in stone. A demonstration of its possibilities, more especially in the latter direction, was given to the Press at the London Studio of Machine



THE EAST-END TRAGEDY: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES
AT THAMES POLICE COURT.

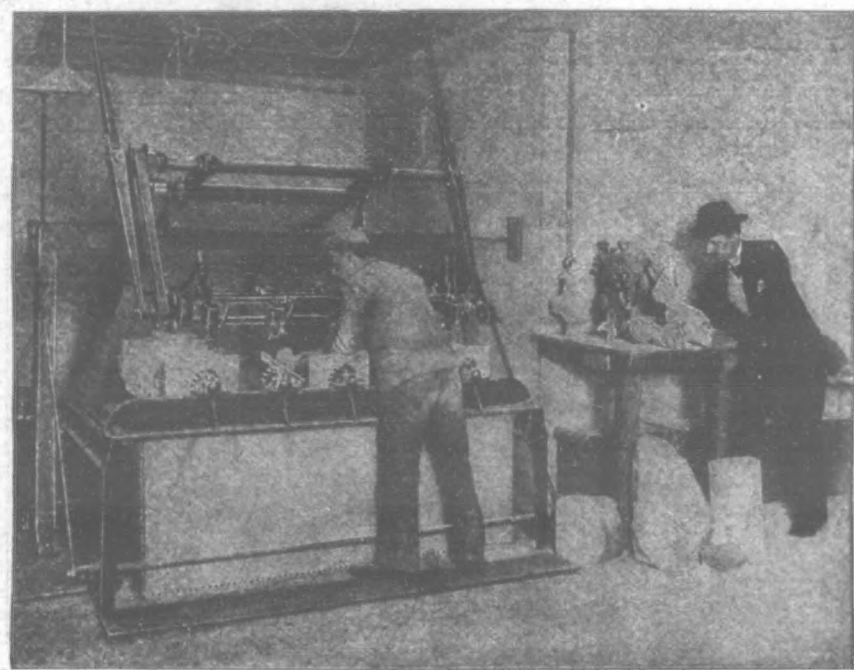
WADE AND DONOVAN WERE CHARGED ON MONDAY. ON TUESDAY, HOWEVER, CAME A REPORT THAT A MAN NAMED JAMES FITZPATRICK HAD SURRENDERED TO THE POLICE AT WORTHING, AND HAD CONFESSED TO HAVING MURDERED MISS FARMER.

Church Road, Stepney. He said that he knew the two prisoners when they lived in Old Church Road. At about half-past six on the morning of the 12th, he saw them leave Miss Farmer's shop. Wade was in front, and both men had papers in their hands. Witness noticed that only half the shop door had been opened. There was no light in the shop. The men halted in the middle of the road, and Wade pointed to a paper in his hand. They then walked across to Stepney Temple, where Wade made a gesture, turning the palms of his hands downwards towards the ground. The men then walked off towards Poplar. Five minutes later a boy named Wiggins, employed by Miss Farmer, came to the shop, and after staying inside a few minutes took the shutters down. Witness was quite certain that nobody went into the shop from the time the two men went out till the little boy came. The magistrate in remanding the prisoners said that they could reserve their defence and cross-examination of the witness till the next occasion, when perhaps they might be legally represented.

Sculpture, Limited, 27A, Cannon Street, E.C., on Oct. 4. The machine, which is the invention of Herr Wenzel, of Berlin, where it has already firmly established itself in the industrial arts, is a mechanical carver and cutter in stone, metal, or wood, and specimens of its work in these materials proved most interesting exhibits. According to the capacity of the machine, from two to eight copies may be made of any model (a statue of life-size may be handled with ease) in relief or intaglio, and, as mistakes are rendered automatically impossible, the single operator required to manipulate the machine need not necessarily be a skilled workman. The largest machine, it is estimated, does the work of twenty-six highly paid craftsmen; while the one on view in London, which is of medium size, is calculated to equal the output of sixteen men. That these figures are not exaggerated is proved by the fact that a pair of elaborately carved Corinthian capitals in free-stone, which, cut by hand, were estimated to be the work of at least six weeks, were turned out complete in forty-eight hours.



BIG FIRE AT ANCOATS: GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS.
THE WARWICK SAW-MILLS WERE ENTIRELY GUTTED, THE DAMAGE AMOUNTING TO NEARLY £7000.



THE WONDERFUL WENZEL SCULPTURE-MACHINE AT WORK
IN A LONDON STUDIO.



RUGBY.—LONDON SCOTTISH v. LONDON IRISH: BROUGHT DOWN ON THE TOUCH LINE.



RUGBY.—LONDON SCOTTISH v. LONDON IRISH: A LINE OUT.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

It is satisfactory to know that the "scandal" occasioned by the findings of the F.A. has gradually simmered out. The big talk of some of the adherents of Manchester City, Sunderland, and Glossop has ended in wiser thought prevailing, and no doubt we shall have the laws of the ruling body more carefully read, marked, and learned than heretofore.

Football is now well into its stride, both the dribbling code and the Rugby game being in full swing. The results so far have been such as to warrant the assumption that

three goals to one. Penalty kicks played a prominent part in the encounter, otherwise there was not a lot between the sides.

Wolverhampton Wanderers suffered a severe disappointment, for, in the course of a ragged game in which neither came out with any particular credit, they were beaten on their own ground by one goal to nil. Middlesbrough were another home team that suffered defeat, Manchester City having a goal the best of them on Tee-side.

Of the remaining matches in the First Division, Newcastle United and Sheffield United played a draw at St. James's Park, Newcastle. The game was very stubbornly contested, and a draw as nearly as possible represents the run of the

poorly so far, and are only among the middle division, and of other clubs who showed promise of better things last season, Bradford City and Burnley are playing very indifferent football. But the season is young and matters may yet develop.

One of the features in Southern League football was the beating of Tottenham Hotspur by Northampton. Certainly it was only a goal to love victory, but, considering that the match was played on Tottenham's ground, the win was all the more creditable. The 'Spurs played a very poor game, and quite deserved their beating.

New Brompton had the best of their game with West Ham, and beat them with some ease by three goals

Of other matches Millwall, playing at home, beat Portsmouth by four goals to two; Bristol Rovers beat Luton on Luton's ground by two goals to one; Queen's Park Rangers were too good for Brentford at Park Royal, winning by three goals to two; and Reading got the better of Swindon Town by two to one.

ATHLETICS, CYCLING, AND MOTORING.

We are between seasons. So far there is not a great deal to chronicle either in athletics or cycling, and the best description that can be given to the present state of affairs is that we are travelling over the probationary period. At the same time, the various clubs are putting their houses



QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. BRENTFORD: TAKING A THROW IN.



QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS v. BRENTFORD: BRENTFORD TAKE A CORNER.

the season will prove one of the most interesting of modern years. In the First Division of the League Sheffield Wednesday continue to show their superiority, and last Saturday they maintained their unbroken record by beating Stoke by three goals to nil at Owlerton. There was no fluke about the win, for the Wednesday men were never in the slightest danger of suffering defeat.

On their present form the Wednesday are easily the best "Soccer" team in England. They go from victory to victory with unerring precision and satisfactory effect—that is, as far as they are concerned. At the present moment they are what Preston North End and Sunderland were in their palmy days, and appear well-nigh invincible.

Woolwich Arsenal did very well to draw with Blackburn Rovers at Ewood Park, and they were a trifle unlucky not to win. Playing away from home in the great contests makes not a little difference to such a club as the Arsenal. It must not be forgotten that they have attained a position which they have striven for for about a dozen years, and the nervous tension to keep their place among the "elite" must be very great. It must also be borne in mind that they were without Ashcroft in goal and Gray at back—two factors which make the draw all the more creditable.

It was expected that Derby County would give Aston Villa a good game, but as the match was played at Birmingham, the Peakites did not take the field without misgiving. Whatever forebodings Derby may have had were, however, speedily dispelled, for their men played surprisingly good football and gained a clever victory by two goals to nil. And Steve Bloomer, of many years' fame, got both the points. He is a wonder.

Notts Forest had Sunderland for opponents on the City ground at Nottingham, and were beaten by three goals to two. The match was for the benefit of Granville Morris, who came from Swindon, and has many times rendered good service to the Foresters. Preston North End were too good for Notts County, and beat them by

play. Bury were beaten on their own ground by Everton, the margin in favour of the Liverpoolians being two goals to one.

Liverpool still head the Second Division, with Bolton Wanderers a good second, and another club with a good record is Bristol City. Manchester United have done very

to nil, and Watford only lost by an odd goal to Southampton. Fulham had a tough struggle with Brighton and Hove Albion, and only just beat them at Craven Cottage by one goal to nil. Wellingborough was one of the unfortunates in Southern League circles, Plymouth Argyle proving far too good for them at Wellingborough, and beating them by five goals to nil.

in order, and the harrier clubs are busily preparing for the more important business of the illegitimate season.

The Essex Beagles held a race—or rather a couple of races—at headquarters, where the holder of the mile championship cup, Collins, repeated his victory of last season. Payne was second, and Hutchins third. In the novices' mile, T. C. Morgan proved successful, but he only beat L. J. Tingle by a couple of yards, G. Brown finishing well up and gaining third position.

The Blackheath Harriers' bill of fare consisted of a two and a quarter miles road handicap, and this brought a good field under the starter's orders. C. Carter, with a start of 1 min. 25 sec., passed the judges first, his win being achieved by forty yards from E. G. Valon, who had an allowance of 1 min. 50 sec., with E. V. Norman, 1 min. 30 sec., third. The scratch man, G. L. Hopkins, finished fourth and made the fastest time.

Herne Hill Harriers held a road handicap over a distance of three miles at Herne Hill. The race was confined to novices, and was won by R. Geffroy, a King's College schoolboy, who won the mile at his school sports in the good time of 4 min. 52 sec. this year. K. C. Barry was second, and P. J. Warren third. The winner reached the tape with 40 yards to spare in 16 min. 2 sec.

Northampton Institute Harriers held a three miles handicap at Finchley, the winner turning up in F. Martin, who had the useful start of 3 min. 10 sec. C. W. Ashton, who was allotted 2 min. 55 sec., was second; and J. C. Hall, 2 min. 25 sec., third; with M. Ludlow, 3 min., fourth. Martin won by 20 yards. Ludlow won the novices' prize; and E. Hayhoe, who finished fifth, made the fastest time, 16 min. 35 sec.

Motoring is a sport which is but yet still in its infancy, and therefore needs time to develop. It is not a pastime which the ordinary man can take a practical part in, for



Photo. Howard Barrett.

WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS v. SMALL HEATH: SMALL HEATH ATTACKING.



Photo. Howard Barrett.

WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS v. SMALL HEATH: HEAD WORK BY SMALL HEATH FORWARDS.



Photo. Howard Barrett.

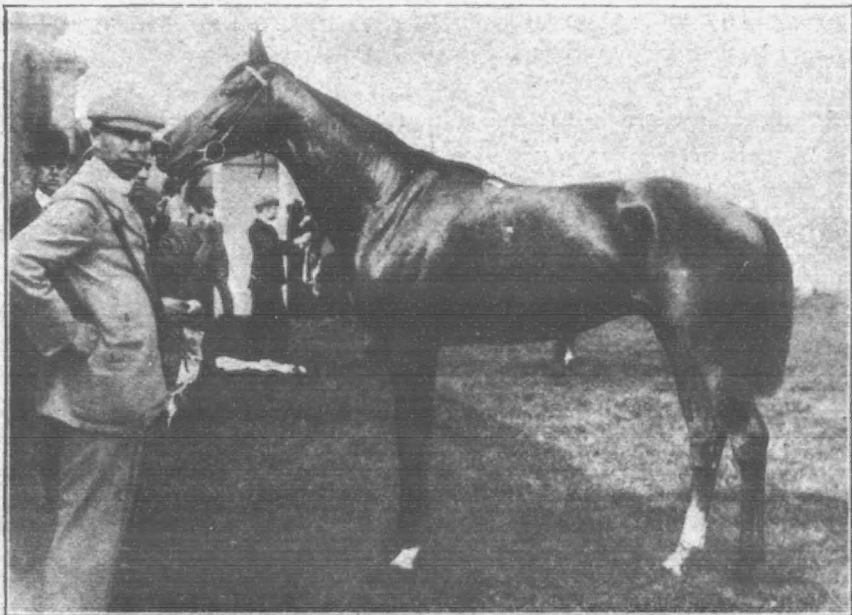
WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS v. SMALL HEATH: BADDELEY, THE FAMOUS GOALKEEPER, SAVING.

the obvious reason that his means bar him. Still, he can look on and take a spectator's interest in it.

Last Saturday, the big meeting at Blackpool was brought to a conclusion, and several records were relegated to a back seat. The Darracq Challenge Cup, over a distance of one mile, went to Mr. H. Kennedy, and over the same distance Mr. J. Cordingley won on his Mercedes car. The one kilometre was secured by Mr. Instone, and other winners were M. Tessier, Mr. Drew, Mr. H. Kennedy, Mr. Huntley Walker, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Fletcher. In the racing-car section the first honours fell to Mr. Clifford Earp, and in the evening the Mayor and Corporation entertained the principal competitors to dinner. —BARNHEM.

THE RACING WORLD.

WE have never known so dried up a Cambridgeshire market as the apology for which we now have to take the price current. An altogether artificial state of affairs has been brought about through the present fashionable fancy for backing horses in doubles. Let only a favourite of the first, second, third rank come up for the Cesarewitch, and forthwith is a race among those who are bad against the second in the double, to shift their money. Unfortunately for them, the



WARGRAVE, THE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH.

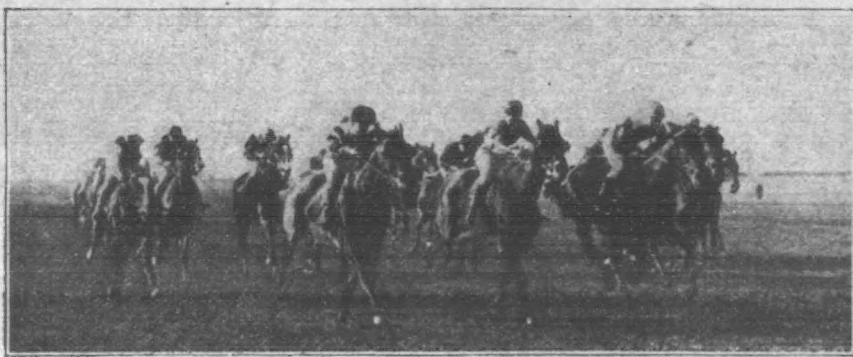
bookmakers see them coming a long way off, and, quite legitimately, trade upon their necessities.

We have the same cornering twice a year as a rule—first in connection with the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National Steeplechase, and later with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. This time an extraordinary number of punters made up their minds that Wargrave could win the long race, and laid themselves out more freely than usual in the double-event line, with him for first choice. Consequently, the animals most popularly selected for Wednesday next are very difficult to back.

DeLaunay all through the piece was the punters' pick. They helped themselves, to use the expression popular in the ring, to DeLaunay until they had appropriated all the early books, and, if report speaks truly, as probably it does, left the stable very little for themselves. In view of these facts bookmakers in some cases declined to make better offers than 3 to 1, or twice actually taken, and to good money.

Another from whom they were not to be stalled is Hackler's Pride. Last year's winner carried then a very light weight; now she is fairly handicapped, but is by no means a good thing on paper; besides, the stable have Golden Saint also engaged. Still, the market on Monday seemed to give a genuine ring, and very quickly 7 to 1 was a fair working price about the mare's accomplishing the unprecedented feat of scoring a second win in two years. Next came Caius, on whom a lot of French money has gone already. After Pretty Polly's downfall our neighbours, who are so very fond of us and of winning our money, were very full of beans indeed, while Jarde's running away with the Middle Park Plate has helped make them think more of their own horses and correspondingly less of ours. So no wonder they are confident of M. Blanc's four-year-old winning, or at least going very close.

It is rank heresy to say so, but I would rather take 9 to 1 about Caius than 4 to 1 about DeLaunay with the pair meeting at a mile and a distance at 4 lb. only. In fact, I fancy the Frenchman very much, as I should Wild Oats,



THE RACE FOR THE CESAREWITCH AT NEWMARKET.

if only we knew he was sound. Cottager, who has been showing quite fair form, is a tip, so is St. Emilion and Union Jack, a good horse also. It must not be forgotten that in L'Aiglon Mr. Gilpin has another string to his bow,

very forward in the Duke of York Stakes. Proffer made quite a decent show against DeLaunay. There are people who fancy Mr. Gilpin's light-weight, Soaraway. Mr. Stedall has backed Maraden; and the public will not forget that Dean Swift ran very well in the Cesarewitch, or that Caardas won the Royal Hunt Cup. Barrette is said to be a certain runner to represent the North. Donetta, for all her good form, has only a 5 lb. penalty, and Pharisee will be just suited by the distance.

I might include many other horses in my remarks, but though generally the market takes wide enough scope to give you a good, general idea, this time there seems very great slackness among owners, mainly because, I think, of the fine chance DeLaunay is understood to have. I thought I could find in a small lot the horses to finish forward in the Cesarewitch, and I did too. Things are different with this Cambridgeshire. All the same, I cannot wait, as I should wish, till next week before making final selection, so will now declare for

Caius and Hackler's Pride.

I cannot help fancying that DeLaunay will prove just good enough to find something to beat him.

Excellent feeling was shown at Lingfield last Saturday, when the very large company took great pains not to disturb poor little Lane, who has been lying unconscious ever since the previous meeting, when he had so bad a fall. The jockey has been most kindly tended in the race-course infirmary by Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, and all possible done for him. Most eminent specialists have visited him, with result that good hopes are entertained of his pulling through. So far, however, all done has not availed to bring him out of danger, and it will be a good day when a bulletin announcing that he has turned the corner can be circulated.

Accidents this season have been unduly plentiful and their results severe. Madden has had two or three bad falls. Here we have this case of Lane's, while young Hardy seems to be pursued by bad luck.

Everyone was hoping that the Gatwick executive might have fine weather for their two big stakes, especially Tuesday's five-thousand-pounder—a very bold venture—and the Surrey Stakes of two thousand five hundred to follow on Wednesday.

Messrs. Pratt and Co. are very enterprising at all the establishments they manage, and we may take as a sign that their efforts are appreciated their considering themselves justified in organising the two races now referred to. —BENDIGO.



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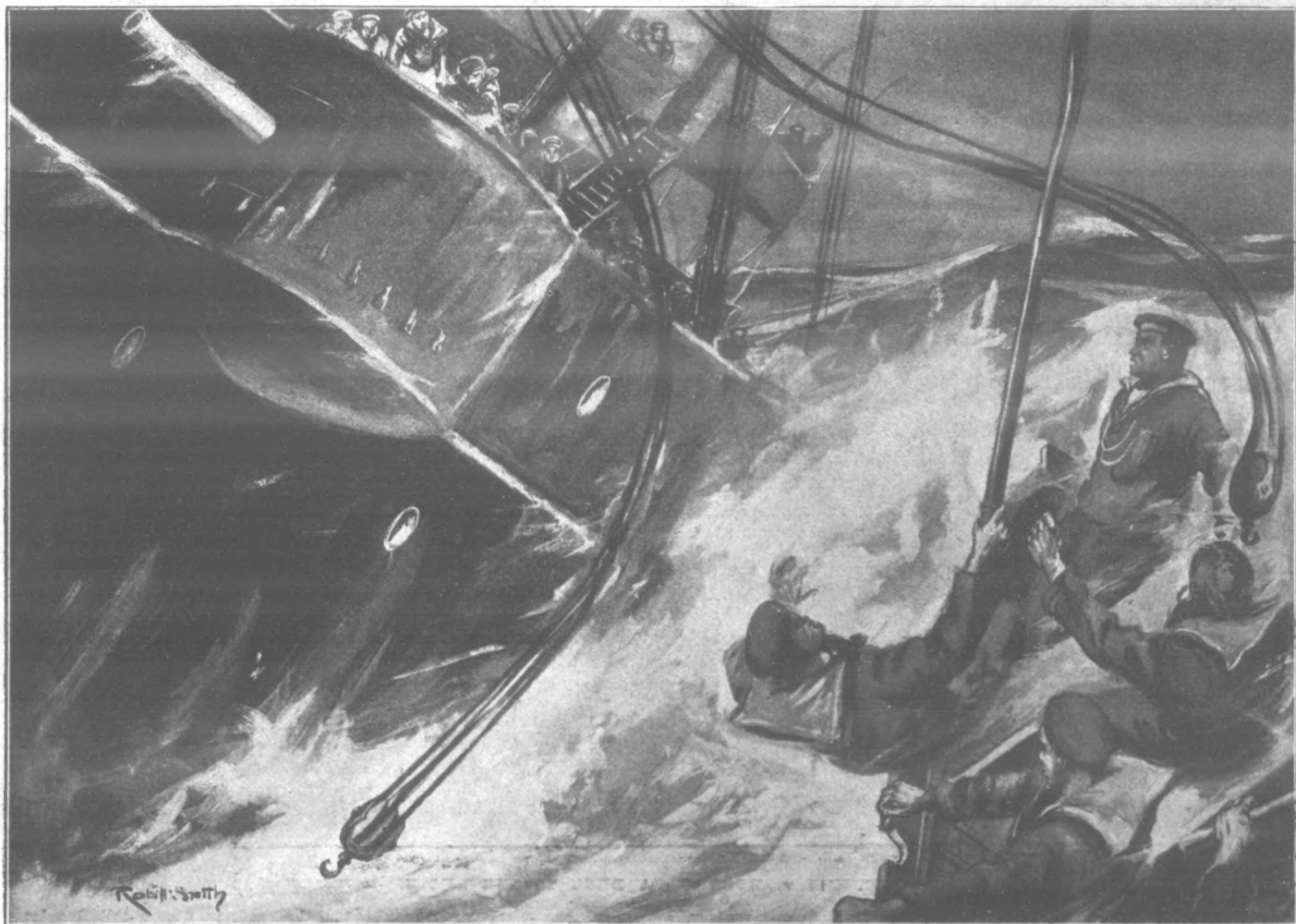


THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: A FIGHT IN A DUST-STORM.

The fighting last week between Yentai Station and Mukden took place in a driving dust-storm, to which the Russians had their backs and the Japanese their faces. The Russian casualties were under a hundred.

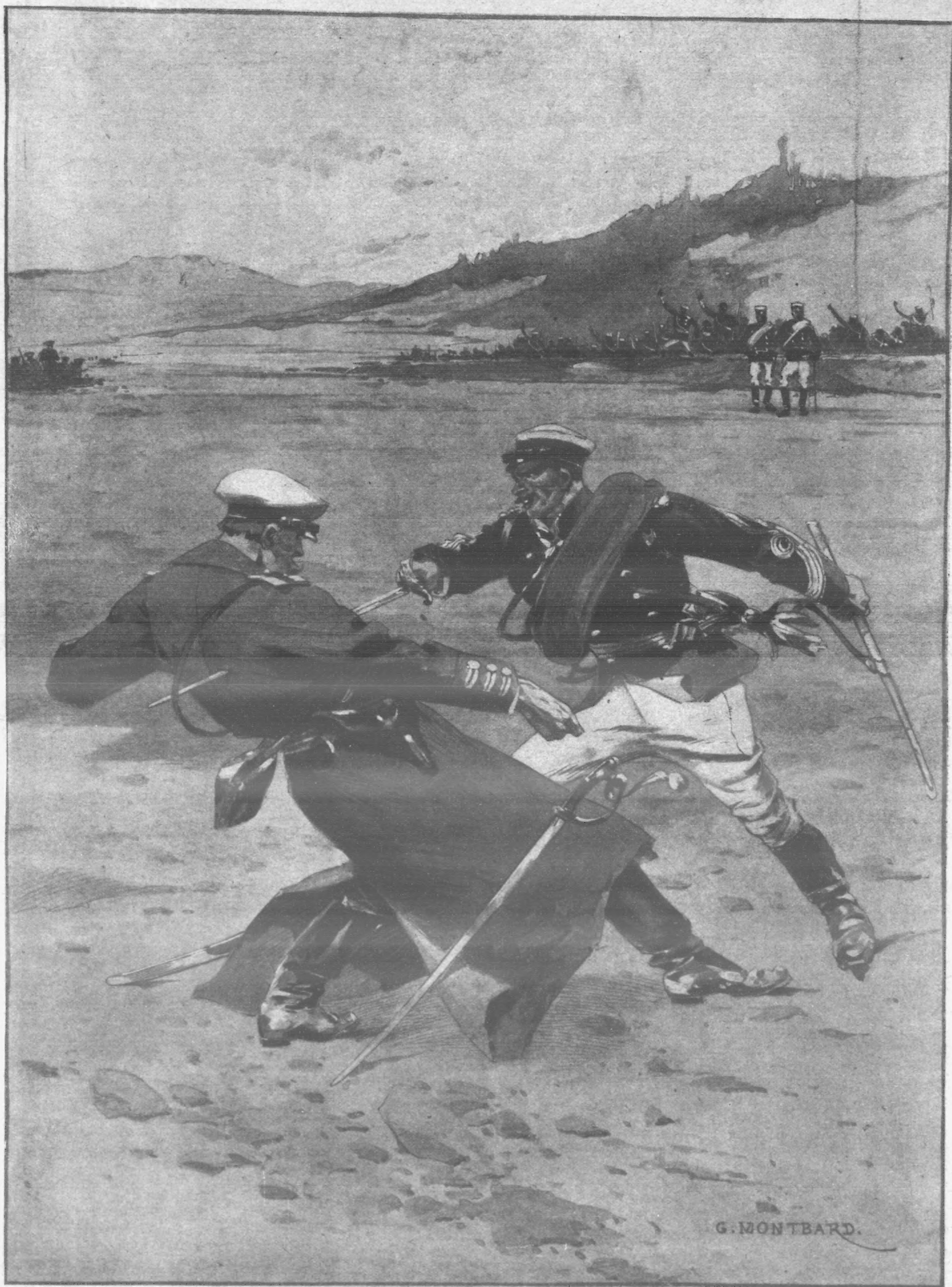


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Our Artist here shows the swamping of the boats as they were being lowered.



JAPANESE v. RUSSIAN: A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

While the rival armies (temporarily quiet) lay watching one another, a young Japanese officer advanced, sword in hand, to meet a tall Russian officer, with whom he engaged in combat. The duel ended in the Russian being run through the chest and killed.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Autumn Fashion Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* is out, and it is not too much to say that anything about dress which does not appear in it is not of much account—that is, the dress that is to be found in shops. For hints upon the art of dressing we must go elsewhere, and that it is a little-understood art not every woman is aware. But in these days of advertising who cares for art? Go to shops and buy the first pretty thing that takes your fancy: never mind whether the frock you choose will go with the hat or toque you bought yesterday. To avoid mixing colours is merely a fad of the fanciful, you say, and a woman who puts off buying a hat until her gown has been chosen is in the minority; and yet it seems so obviously the proper thing to do that it is strange to note how constantly it is forgotten. When women remember to do this there will be artistic dressing, and not until then. To describe even a few of

The New Fashions

which are sketched for us in this number of the *Lady's Pictorial*, date Oct. 15, is impossible. They must be studied from the page, and lovers of dress will not consider the time wasted which is spent over it. "Butterfly's" graphic descriptions are too lavishly sprinkled over with French terms to please my simple taste, and those who do not understand the language will be sorely puzzled. Why write "velours" when velvet is meant, and "jeune fille" for young girl or young lady—girl for choice? And "costume de tailleur" is a poor substitute for tailor-made, the name in common use among the great ladies of the land; and the amusing part of it is that in Paris "tailor-made" is what we hear in all the best shops. A writer in another paper for ladies tells us that the "chief delight of Paris fashions this autumn is their exquisite neatness. To return, as I did," she wrote last week, "from Paris to London on Saturday night, and to walk in the Park on Sunday, gave me a positive shock. Why should a woman who trots about on foot, or takes an omnibus or a hansom, think it advisable, while exercising her dog or her husband, to wear a rather badly made gown of pale grey, with paste buttons and a collar of lace, a low-necked lace blouse, a pearl necklace, two or three diamond brooches, and what my husband calls a 'catafalque' of a hat of pale grey beaver, with grey feathers and a bunch of gardenias?"

A Frenchwoman

on the same occasion would have "worn a well-cut, tailor-made, with short skirt, and a petticoat which had been chosen to harmonise with the gown." Her hair would be simply but beautifully dressed, her hat small, and not sticking out in front, as is so common over here with the back of the head left bare. Browns, violets, and reds in many shades are the favourite colours at present. The reds are coppery



"SIGHTS O' LONDON": CLEANING OUT THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

in tone when they are not dull and rusty-looking. Red is a colour that it is difficult to dress to. The headgear should be black, or, if the coat or jacket is black, the hat or toque may match the dress.

I am hearing on all sides that the servant difficulty in London has become much increased by the small flats into which people crowd themselves and their belongings. The bed-rooms are so crammed with boxes, which are kept for the most part under the beds, that it is impossible for a housemaid to give a thorough turn out once a fortnight at the very least. In these small flats there are no landings upon which the boxes and small articles of furniture can be placed, and while they remain in the bedroom it cannot be cleaned properly. I have known also of cases in which the

One Servant Kept

in a flat had to carry the pet dog down three or four flights of stairs several times a day for a run outside and wait until it came in again to be carried up. A flat is no place for pets, and it is cruel to dogs to keep them in such a small space. But if people will do it, what is to be done?

"What am I to do?" writes a girl correspondent. "The sister of the man I am engaged to dislikes me very much, and is barely civil to me when I see her: I know, too, that she and her brother quarrel about me. I should like to break off the engagement, but I am fond of my future husband and he is fond of me; but she may make us unhappy if we marry. I have asked advice from several newspapers, but each answer

is different." The subject is a difficult one. If you cannot get on with the sister why see her? Tell the young man that you will not go to the house or to any place where you are likely to meet his sister; and if she cannot keep the peace and behave properly I fear you must either put up with her or break the engagement. After your marriage, should you be settled near her? Much will depend upon that.

A "Man" writes to know what I think of George Meredith's proposal to have

Marriage on a Ten Years' Lease.

In the first place I think George Meredith was having a little joke with the representatives of the paper who called upon him. He is far too clever a man not to know that he was talking nonsense. The thing could not be done. Even if it were allowed there would be endless difficulties to overcome. What would be the status of the children? With whom would they live? Neither parent might care to have them, and the State is not rich enough to provide for and educate thousands of children. A more horrible state of things could not be imagined. A man might be thrice separated in the course of his life. Married, say, at twenty, he might dissolve marriage number one at thirty, the second at forty, and the third at fifty. In fact, he might go on to sixty or seventy! Suppose he had five children by each marriage, and nothing to do with the support of any of them? The case is an extreme one, I admit, yet it is possible. But the 'ten years' system will never be known in this country.

MARGUERITE.



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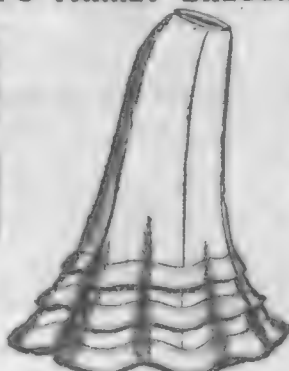


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WAVERS

THE CRIMSON SLIPPER.

BY DORA LANGLOIS.

Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "That Red-Headed Woman," "The Kiss of Judas,"
"The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: It is found on the moor where the writer and his friend Herman are shooting—a tiny satin slipper. At lunch, conversation turns on the local residents, Sir Robert Birchall and Mr. Montgomery (rival candidates for the Parliamentary seat), and Mr. Danvers, a single man whose niece is locally called the "nun." Herman had known the handsome Mrs. Montgomery in other days, and does not speak well of her. Duncan discovers, at a dance, on Mrs. Montgomery's dress, a brooch matching the jewelled buckle on the shoe, but Mrs. Montgomery lies as to the ownership of the shoe. Duncan marks in red on the Ordnance map in his study the spot where the slipper was found, and a covey which he had noticed excited the dogs' curiosity. Mrs. Montgomery then writes claiming the shoe, and asking Duncan to bring it hidden in a box of flowers. She explains that her dog must have run off with it. Driving home, Duncan is stopped by a woman who upbraids him for returning the slipper, and adds that she has got the stocking—torn with brambles—which accompanied it on the night when Mrs. Montgomery, the maid feels certain, met Danvers, with whom she had been corresponding. Danvers is missing. She pleads to know where the shoe was found, but Duncan will not tell. His man meets him on the doorstep with the news that Danvers' murdered body has been found on the moor. Herman, who has accidentally seen the marked plan, is astonished to find the scene of the murder already marked on it. At the inquest the "nun" explains that on the afternoon before Danvers was missed he received a note which disturbed him. He went out, and was not seen again. After her evidence, Duncan sees her to her carriage. He buys for her, at the sale of Danvers' effects, a Japanese cabinet, for which, however, he has to give £25, as Mrs. Montgomery's agent and another bid against him. He is overtaken on the moor by military men and captured. He is taken before a well-known political figure, and learns

espionage. I shall act just as if I did not know I had this retinue of followers. Perhaps I may be a trifle more cautious—that's the only difference it will make. A fact of this sort makes a man careful, that's all."

"You knew it this morning?"
"Yes, I knew it," I replied, "and I went to Santhwaite to call on Mrs. Montgomery. I see you don't regard that as particularly cautious, but I am only sorry that I had to leave my train outside. I wish they could have been parties to our interview."

Herman drew a deep breath. "Well," he said, after a pause, "I've always found you a level-headed fellow, Duncan, and now that I know there is nothing going on without your knowledge I am satisfied. I thought it my duty to mention it, that was all."

He unlinked his arm from mine as he spoke, not unkindly, but by way of showing me that he was not going to press for any explanation.

"By Jove! this is a jolly fine hollyhock," he said, pausing before a monster purple specimen. "I like hollyhocks; one gets something for one's money. I'm afraid size and colour always appeal to me. There's blight on the blessed thing—a poet might make something out of the fact, mightn't he? I'm begin-

I rose, went to the mirror, and pushing the hair off my forehead, saw that the bruise he referred to was undeniably conspicuous. There was another, too, on the back of my hand, both of them impossible to conceal.

"Oh! this!" I said carelessly. "It's nothing. I've plenty more to match it."

"I should doctor them if I were you," he interrupted, still intent, as I could see, on not allowing me to be surprised into explanations. "Ought you to have Dr. Drew; or can a chemist do it? I'll get you what you want; we needn't send Minting."

"No, I won't bother about it, thanks all the same," I answered. "Neither Drew nor the chemist could make me presentable for this afternoon, and to-morrow it will be all right. It's a nuisance, too, for I must go out and make a call."

"You'd be better in bed, Duncan. You look very rocky!"

"Can't be done," I answered irritably. "It's a matter of business. Confound the bruise! It's made a pleasant-looking object of me."

The real depth of my irritation the reader will perhaps understand when I explain that my intention was to go first to the Gamekeeper's Arms and question the girl who knew Miss Denzell's address, and from thence to her temporary abode, to tell her all that had happened to me, and explain my reason for hoping that she would never ask me for the desk, or let anyone know why I had bought it; and that, little as I worried as a rule about my personal appearance (so long as I looked up to the usual standard of the well-tubbed, well-groomed, healthy Englishman), it annoyed me vastly to think of appearing before her with that air of dissipation on me which Herman described so aptly.

Yes, I did look "rocky"—undeniably rocky! A week of the hardest drinking could scarcely

into a country set without defining her position was abominable. If he meant her to be his heiress he should have made people recognise her. Had she come into a fortune it would have been hard enough, but now she wants a character and a reference, I suppose, to earn her daily bread, and he has left her with no one to apply to."

"It is an awkward position, certainly," assented Herman. "I fancy it would be easier for her if she would say boldly that he was her father, but she won't; in fact, Minting says she positively denies it. He never formally adopted her; he does not appear to have been her legal guardian or trustee. It's just about as awkward a pill for Mrs. Grundy to swallow as any girl with her living to make could have to offer. But don't get worrying yourself about other people's affairs, Duncan; you look as if you would do much better to put things at the back of your head and get some sleep."

"Well, I won't go out this afternoon," I answered, "although I ought to: perhaps by to-night I shall not look quite so disreputable."

So I left Herman and went to my room to rest, and by that simple act forfeited my last chance of averting the catastrophe that hung over us. That there were excuses for me the reader may remember. I had been very badly knocked about. I had twice been given chloroform by anaesthetists more liberal than judicious; my body was a mass of bruises; my head a lump of lead; but none of these things clear me in my own eyes, because I was still capable of activity, and I know in my own heart that I wasted those important hours because Roger Danvers was so much handsomer than I, and I would not face Miss Denzell looking my very worst.

Ah, well! a man who looks as if he had been indulging in a drinking bout would hesitate to present himself on such a mission as mine; for I did not mean merely to speak to Mary Denzell about the desk; there was a personal question that I had to ask, and though she might only consent to forget how short our acquaintance had been in order that we might work together to reverse the evil the dead man had attempted, I felt that even that would satisfy me so long as she said "yes."

By the time I had slept and dined I had happily lost some of that dissipated air to which I objected, and, trusting to my urgent business to excuse an evening visit, I set out alone to the Gamekeeper's Arms. The girl I wanted, however, was not in the bar when I arrived, and having no time to spare I addressed myself at once to the young person I found in charge.

"Oh, yes," she answered briefly, in answer to my question. "It was our housemaid, Ann Jones, who was speaking about Miss Denzell. Miss Denzell has taken rooms in her mother's house, but I'm afraid you won't see her to-night. Sir. Miss Denzell went up to London yesterday to look for a situation, and if she gets it she has arranged to have her things sent up to her instead of coming back."

"Then Miss Denzell is not in Santhwaite?" I stammered.

"I can't say, Sir, for certain. Of course, she may have come home," the girl explained. "It's Ann's monthly day out, and she has gone home to her mother's; she'll be able to tell you when she comes back, if she does come to-night; but sometimes she stays with her mother and does not get here till six in the morning."

"Can you tell me where the house is?" I asked, "and I will go there and inquire."

"It's right the other side of Santhwaite," the girl replied, "and by the time you get there I expect they'll all be in bed, Sir. Ann will be back before then if she's coming, and I think the best thing you can do is to wait."

I need not say I was deeply chagrined at the thought that Miss Denzell had perhaps left Santhwaite for ever while I was lying imprisoned in the mysterious house in town; but there was nothing for it but to accept the girl's suggestion, so I ordered a glass of bitter "for the good of the house," drank it, and then turned out on the moor to stroll about and wait the return of Miss Ann Jones.

It was nearly ten when I went back into the inn, and she had not arrived.

"Time, please," said the landlord, with one eye on the clock and the other on the maid, to see that she was sufficiently prompt in dispensing the last drink he was entitled by law to serve that night. "Time, please."

"She's not coming to-night, Sir," whispered the barmaid to me; "but here's the address, and you can call at her mother's house to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

I THANKED her, made her a little present, and in company with the other frequenters of the house turned out on to the moor road. I heard footsteps behind me as I made my way home, but I cannot say that they troubled me much; my mind was occupied with thoughts of the girl I loved, and my own bitter disappointment at the idea that she was probably miles away from me.

Old Mrs. Foreman, my housekeeper, opened the door for me when I reached Elsinore, and passing into our own particular den I found Herman taking his boots off.

"What, Duncan, back so soon?" he cried as I entered.

"Soon?" I replied. "I thought I had been rather a long time, seeing that I have only walked to the Gamekeeper's Arms and back."

"Walked to the Gamekeeper's Arms?" Herman paused in the act of drawing on his slippers and looked at me in surprise, even bewilderment.

"Yes," I said. "I did think of asking you to come too because of my friends outside, but,



NEW PNEUMATIC PAINTER.

THE APPARATUS SHOWN ABOVE APPLIES THE PAINT BY MEANS OF A SPRAY WHICH ENABLES THE OPERATOR TO APPLY A LAYER OF ANY DESIRED THICKNESS. THIS APPARATUS SEEMS LIKELY TO SUPPLANT THE OLD BRUSH METHOD OF PAINTING.

that Danvers sought, through Mrs. Montgomery, to sell a high political secret to a foreign Power. While Duncan is there news arrives that a copy of the original cypher has been discovered at his house, in the cabinet. He is warned that he is a marked man, and liberated. He has an interview with Mrs. Montgomery, and gathers that she has not got the papers. During the interview she receives a folded newspaper, her manner changes, and she declares that if she is connected with the murder she will publish what she knows, and the great politician will have a European complication on his hands. She was on the moor, by appointment with Danvers, and saw Sir Robert (who had threatened to homewhip Danvers) dash out of the spinney. Outside, Duncan finds from a newspaper that Sir Robert has been arrested. He summons a private inquiry agent.

CHAPTER VII.

THE youth who attended occasionally to the garden was outside at work, or rather he was just stacking up his tools to finish his half-day, so I went out and entrusted the telegram to him, as I had no desire to go myself to Santhwaite, and still less to let Minting see the address.

As I came back towards the window Herman met me, and, linking his arm in mine, drew me back to the deserted lawn.

"Duncan," he said, "I should much like to tell you something, only I don't want to be thought officious."

"Go ahead!" I retorted. "There are plenty of officious people about, but you're not one of them, Herman. I'm still sane enough to be willing to take advice from you."

"Well, it isn't advice this time," he said, "because, hang me if I know what suggestion to offer! I merely wish to state a fact and leave the rest entirely to you. Duncan, I believe you are being watched."

"Is that all?" I inquired, laughing. "My dear fellow, I know that perfectly well."

"And you don't particularly object?" he queried.

"I object on principle, of course," I said; "but I see no harm in it. I am convinced that nothing injurious to me will come of this

ning to know all sorts of blights by sight since I took to poking about in odd moments in this ill-kept garden of yours."

Thus acted Herman my friend, and the result of his kindness and delicacy was that he left me without any description of the men he had seen watching the house, while had Minting been my informant, though I should have been pestered by a thousand queries, suggestions, and sly attempts to wring an explanation from me, I should at least have learnt all that there was to tell. I should have been told their height, their build, the colour of their hair, and everything else that his keen scent for a mystery had allowed him to discover.

O Heaven! I tremble now when I think of the hours of agony we might—we should have been spared, but for the fact that a hot word of mine had offended my servant's dignity. Even so small as this are the hinges on which hang the inexorable door of fate.

In spite of his loyalty to the freemasonry of our friendship, which so sternly insisted that confidence should never be demanded, still less surprised in the vulgar way in which mere acquaintances sometimes jolt one's secret out of one by sudden question, I could not fail to notice when we went into luncheon that Herman's eyes continually left his plate and sought my face, and presently, when Minting had retired, he saw with some confusion that I had observed his glances.

"You're not looking particularly fit, Duncan," he said quickly, hastening to explain himself. "I was just wondering whether you wouldn't do well to turn in this afternoon and get a rest, instead of trying the moor. Two night journeys one after the other, and—"

"And what?" I asked, as he paused and stammered.

"—and that thundering knock you've given your head," he went on, with his eyes averted, "have done you up a bit; that's all."

have made a man look worse, and the green-yellow of the bruises on a pale skin—Faugh! it was almost an insult to think of presenting myself to a woman of refinement thus.

"About that sale, Duncan."

"Yes"—I turned round from the mirror sharply—"what about it?"

"It's funny; you weren't the only purchaser from this house."

"Minting, of course!" I said. "But how on earth did he get anything? He wasn't there."

"No, not Minting," Herman rejoined, with a light laugh: "our good old motherly Mrs. Foreman. Who would suspect her of a taste for the morbid? She absolutely gave, through the greengrocer's wife, half-a-crown for a photo of the late Mr. Danvers. Would you like to have a look at it? She entrusted it to me as a special favour, because, as she said, you and I were the only two persons left in the district who couldn't say what he was like."

"Yes, I should like to see it," I answered, trying to hide the interest I neither cared nor dared to show. "Was he so remarkably handsome?"

"Judge for yourself!" said Herman, and passed me over an ordinary cabinet photo.

I walked to the window, raised the tissue-paper that hung over the picture and looked at the face beneath. A handsome face, an undeniably handsome and virile countenance, but with not one line or feature that suggested the least resemblance to Miss Denzell.

"He was a thorough-paced blackguard!" I said, thrusting the picture from me angrily.

"As how?" asked Herman. "Do you believe all Minting's tales?"

"In his conduct to that poor girl, Herman," I retorted, and, strange to say, I was only thinking of his heartlessness to her, in spite of all the other things I knew about him. "If he had brought her here as a child it would have been different—everybody would have known and got used to the idea—but to bring her as a woman

to tell the truth, I was ashamed to. It looked too much like showing the white feather."

"And you walked?" he repeated. "You didn't use the dogcart?"

"No," I replied. "Why do you ask? Did you want it and think I had it?"

"No," he answered. "Oh, no! I didn't want it, but I certainly thought you were using it. It was out; I saw the horse in the lane half an hour ago."

"Some of Minting's nonsense, I suppose," I said indifferently. Then I added, with the best assumption of candour I could manage, "I went to the Gamekeeper's Arms to see a girl who knows Miss Denzell's present address."

Herman sprang to his feet. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Then—then you were not with her in London yesterday?"

"With Miss Denzell?" I repeated. "Certainly not. What made you think that?"

"That fool Minting, I suppose," he said, in some confusion. "You went up to town after the sale, and she followed the next morning; both of you got back to-day, even if you didn't come by the same train. And Minting said—no, hang it! he didn't say anything—but he just put it in such a way that I thought—"

"Well, you were wrong," I interrupted. "I should have been only too glad to go to London either with or for Miss Denzell, but I had no such luck. Still, I'm glad to hear that she has come back, for that's just the one thing I wanted to know."

"You are glad to know she has come back?" he repeated. "Don't play with me, Duncan! Do you mean—do you absolutely mean that you have not seen her to-night?"

I stared at my friend in blank astonishment.



Photo. Russell.

"THE POTATO KING,"

MR. A. FINDLAY, WITH HIS LATEST SPECIMEN POTATO, "GOLDEN REEF," VALUED AT £2800 PER CWT.

This conduct was so unlike him; it was so unusual as to be phenomenal.

"I have not seen Miss Denzell since the eve of the sale," I said. "What are you talking about, Herman?"

"Well, anyhow, the desk is hers, isn't it?" he demanded, not heeding my question. "It's her property—you told me so yourself."

"It is, in a sense, hers," I stammered. "That is to say, I bought it with the intention of presenting it to her later on; but there are reasons—I find I cannot let her have it now. In Heaven's name what are you driving at, man?"

Herman paused. "I'm afraid I've made a pretty mess of this," he said.

"What have you made a mess of? What do you mean?" I cried eagerly.

"It was seeing the cart in the lane," he said apologetically. "I thought, I felt certain you had brought her to the house yourself."

"Brought Miss Denzell here at night, alone?" I retorted. "Talk sense, Herman! Is it likely I should ask her? Is it likely she would consent? What bee has Minting's cursed chatter put into your bonnet? If the cart was out it's his evening, and he has taken it for his own purposes; but I don't see why its being out should lead you to misjudge a lady."

"I'm very sorry," he answered gravely; "but she was here, Duncan, half an hour ago; I saw her myself."

There was something so very serious in his aspect that a horrible uneasiness seized me, and I believe I began to tremble.

"And the desk?" I cried. "What—what did you mean by referring to it?"

"Stop a bit," he said. "You'd better let me explain how it happened. I don't want to blame you for not trusting me, and I hope you won't blame me for an ass. Heaven knows I

only meant not to interfere in matters that didn't concern me, but if I'd known you were really a couple of miles away I'd not have let this happen for worlds."

"Go on," I murmured, sinking into a chair. "You are keeping me on thorns."

"Well, then," he said, "I must tell you that when you went off I got tripped by myself, and went out for a stroll. I hadn't got far when I missed my pouch, so I turned and came back. I came up through the garden; the light was full on in this room, and the window was open. I was going to make for it when I saw a woman coming up to it from the bottom of the garden. I thought it rather queer, and got off the gravel on to the grass, and, keeping in the shadow, worked round till I could see into the room."

"And it was Miss Denzell?"

"It was certainly Miss Denzell. She was looking for something in the desk."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"I think she heard someone moving in the house, for she ran to the door and bolted it," he continued. "Then she came back and turned a lot of little pieces of wood out of the thing on to the table. I was going to interfere, Duncan, and then I remembered that the desk was hers. Indeed, I thought you were outside with the cart, for I certainly saw the dogcart in the lane, and I was just going to move off, and not stop spying on you, as it were, when she found the paper. I couldn't help seeing that, it was so quickly done."

"The paper?" I cried, springing up. "Was there a paper in the desk?"

"Didn't you know?" he demanded.

"Go on!" I said hoarsely. "You say there was a paper in the desk, and that Miss Denzell took it? Where was it?"

"I'll show you," he said, moving to the table. "She had the desk open like this, with the lower half projecting just a little beyond the table, which is hardly wide enough for it when opened out. And after she had hunted about in both compartments, she either accidentally leant on or purposely pressed the front edge of the lower half, and when she threw her weight on it it slipped down like a slide."

"I see," I said. "It would not have slipped if the desk had not projected off the table."

"I don't think it would have slipped then accidentally," he replied, "if some fine spring or catch had not been broken somehow. It slipped down just a little way, and then it wouldn't go any further, so she drew it carefully up, and, as you see, the bottom of the desk is a false one."

He was quite correct, the bottom of the desk was a false one—not the ordinary false bottom, by any means, for it was only about half an inch thick, like the rest of the sides and outer woodwork. The two pieces of which it was composed were together about three-eighths of an inch in thickness, but the aperture of about one-eighth was just wide enough to hold one or more papers carefully slipped in.

"Yes, yes," I said; "she took the paper, and then?"

"She put it in her breast, unlocked the door quietly, and stepped out of the room by the window. I say the paper, but, of course, there may have been two sheets of foolscap; I couldn't tell at that distance. Was the document hers, Duncan? Had she any right to it?"

"It was neither hers nor mine," I answered. "But it doesn't matter. She'll take it to those who have a right to it—or else she'll destroy it; and, as far as I can see, it comes to much the same thing either way."

"It surely must make a difference if she destroys it," Herman said emphatically. "It belongs to someone—someone will ask for it."

"Oh, yes, someone will ask for it," I answered with a grim laugh, for my own position in the matter was only just beginning to dawn on me, so engrossed had I been at first in the mere pain of the discovery. "Someone will ask for it fast enough—and someone will have to pay the damage."

"Well, then," he said, in a tone of helpless irritation, "it does matter, it does make a difference."

"Only to me personally," I said. "The paper is nothing but a copy of some other. The owners only want it back to destroy it."

"To you personally?" Herman repeated angrily. "Wake up, Duncan, pull yourself together. Can't you understand that if Miss Denzell has injured you personally I shall never be able to forgive myself for my share in this night's work? Can't you prevent its destruction—can't you do something?"

"No, I cannot," I retorted. "Don't be a fool, Herman! If Miss Denzell meant to destroy the paper she naturally destroyed it at once."

"And how does its destruction affect you?" he asked. "You said you did not know it was in the desk."

"I did not know it was in the desk," I replied, "and its destruction affects me because I have been accused of stealing it. I'd have given half the world to find it myself and take it back to its owners. But you mustn't blame Miss Denzell; she meant no harm; she did not know I was accused."

"You said something about her giving it back," Herman urged. "Do you think there's any chance of that?"

"No, I'm afraid not," I replied. "I'm sure she would have done that if she had known all the circumstances; but I do not think she has done it."

"These men who are hanging about the house," Herman inquired; "they're after the

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[Advt.]

paper, of course? Are they its rightful owners?"

"They are the owners' agents and spies," I answered.

"Very well, then," he said. "There's a very simple way of finding out if she has destroyed the paper or given it up; for, of course, if she has given it up the men will have cleared off by now."

"I suppose so," I admitted.

"Then come along and draw them if they're still about," said Herman.

"Draw them?" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes," he said. "Out quick by the window and cut across the moor like mad towards the station; double off and come back round the clump of sycamore-trees on the other side of the house. I'll cut straight across to them as soon as you're well started, and if you're being followed I shall see your men."

"And you will not tell them anything about it? You promise not to mention my name."

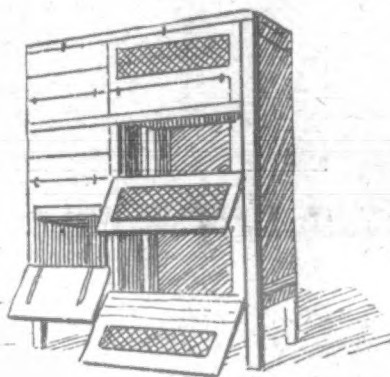
"All right, I promise," Herman answered, but with so ill a grace, with such a distinct fall of countenance, that I saw I had hit the mark in divining that there was more in his proposal than appeared in his words. "Come, off you go—be sharp!" he added. "If the men are still here we must find Miss Denzell to-night and see if we can't clear this mess up for both of you."

(To be continued.)

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

A Model Rabbit-Hutch.

MY youthful readers, and, no doubt, some of more mature years, who keep rabbits for show, may be interested in a hutch which has lately been placed on the market. It attracted great interest at the show of the Dairy Farmers' Association. The construction is very clever, each hutch being provided with a winged partition which can be raised and secured to the ceiling, so that the growing youngsters may have free play. The upper portion of the door to the nesting-place is hinged to fall downwards, the lower part being a fixture to prevent the young ones from falling out of the nest. The door to the run is in two sections, the lower part being solid, while



A MODEL RABBIT HUTCH.

the upper part, which is hinged to fall downwards, is composed of a stout frame, covered with perforated zinc or netting, according to price. The entire door can be removed in a moment for cleaning out purposes. Anyone studying the design of this hutch will see from a sanitary point of view it is perfection, there being no crevices or obstructions to prevent the hutch from being kept scrupulously clean, and also the floor of the place in which the hutch is used.

A Labour Saver.

One looks to America for most appliances made with a view to the saving or the cheapening of labour, but the one of which I give an illustration on the opposite page has been introduced by an English firm. By its use the painting of buildings, interiors, etc., ceases to be a laborious operation, and the painting machine should certainly attain very great popularity. The apparatus consists of a simple sprayer, paint-receptacle, air-compressor, and tank. It works with an even spray that will secure a deposit of any thickness of oil or lead paint, varnish, hot glue, ink, or lacquer. Graduated tins and colour-blending can also be effected. It is as easy to paint a rough as a smooth surface, and every crevice can be filled. Special nozzles are provided for decorative purposes, stencilling, lime-washing, and white-washing. Apart from the fact that a surface can be covered quicker by this means than by hand, there is no waste of paint, and the paint can be put on thinner, while the expense of paint-brushes is saved. The work will be found equal to, and, I am told, in many cases better than, the best hand work.

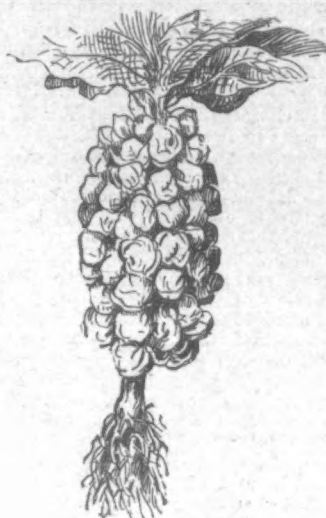
Seed Potatoes.

The time has come when those who intend to grow early potatoes should be making arrangements for preparing the seed, says the *Market Gardener*. There is no better method than that of boxing, and the seed cannot be got into the boxes too early. The early varieties of potatoes that are most favoured are kidney shaped, perhaps the most popular being, on account of its uniform good quality, Myatt Ashleaf. There are many other varieties, however, that will do well for the earliest work, notably May Queen, Ring-leader, River's Royal Ashleaf, and others. Boxes specially made for the purpose can be had at moderate rates, or they can be made on the premises. Whichever course is adopted preparation should be made at once, either by getting in the wood or the boxes, also the seed potatoes if wanted, so that the work may be commenced at the first favourable moment. All kidney varieties should be carefully stood on end in the boxes crown up. To do this work easily the boxes should be stood up on end, reclining backward at an angle of about 45 deg., in front of the operator on the putting or other bench. The sets can then be packed in easily without falling about. When the box is full, one or two sets wedged in tightly will keep the whole lot in position. The boxes may be put into any light store (not a dark one), or if there is an empty tomato or other glasshouse from which it is possible to exclude the frost there will be found no better place in which to put them. They should be piled one above another in such a way that the light can play right through amongst the sets. In such a position a short, stout butt or sprout will form, often only one on a set. Where there has been any indication of bacterial disease among the crop, before boxing the sets should be dipped in a solution of Bordeaux mixture or be dusted with flowers of sulphur.

Brussels Sprouts.

My Lancashire correspondent, whose ambition to grow sprouts next year to beat his neighbour at the village flower-show is to be commended, should sow early in March for the first crop. Another sowing may be made late in April for succession. The young plants should be transplanted in summer into good ground, made thoroughly firm when they are large enough to handle, and kept stirred with the hoe through the dry weather. The sprouts

are fit for gathering after they have been under the influence of a hard frost, which makes them tender eating. The variety of which I give an illustration is the Holborn Exhibition, a very fine strain, the result of many years' careful selection. Its points for size, colour, and productiveness are good all round, and it is a special exhibition



TYPICAL BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

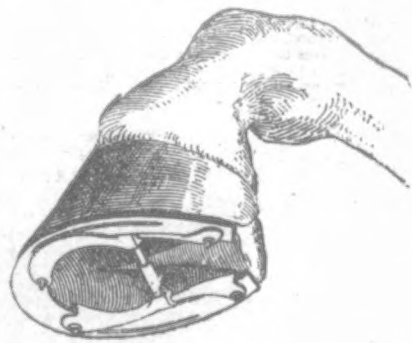
favourite. I know of no variety better for the purpose required by my correspondent; I certainly wish him luck next summer.

Cabbages.

The one hindrance to the more extensive growth of cabbage as a field crop is the difficulty of storing it. Hardy cabbages cannot endure without injury the frosts of an ordinary winter, and, consequently, if they are to be grown for use in the dead of winter or later, some method of storing them must be resorted to, pretty much as in the case with the more delicate mangolds. There are certain methods of keeping the crop over the winter, but all are more or less laborious and troublesome, and, as a result, many farmers curtail the area to meet the requirements up to a given time—the extreme limit being Christmas—rather than attempt storing it. It is said that, if stored thoroughly dry, either in the earth or under straw, cabbages will keep fresh and healthy for weeks; but the practice does not seem to meet with very extensive favour. Possibly this may be due to the bulkiness of the crop, and not to any serious defect in the system. Any way, the storing of the cabbage crop is not extensively resorted to, and, accordingly, the crop is deemed suitable only for use in autumn and early winter, for which periods there is no more valuable green crop, root, or forage. Cabbages that are being used now were planted out in early summer, but those who prefer to have a supply for their cows right up till Christmas arrange to have them coming on in suitable instalments, so that they can always be consumed while in prime condition. Although the matured cabbages are liable to suffer injury from frost, the plants at younger stages can withstand many severities. This is shown by the fact that, even as late as this month, and, in fact, throughout the winter if the weather permits, cabbage plants are planted out to come on for the herds or flocks in early spring. Of course, it is only in the milder localities that this system is practised, but the fact that it obtains at all is significant of the hardness of the crop. All varieties are not equally hardy, however, and for winter growth the hardest or open-headed sorts are best suited. Cabbages thrive best on deep loams in good heat, and will generally repay liberal manurial treatment, farmyard manure being the favourite fertiliser. By those experienced in their utilisation, cabbages are regarded as one of the most productive and valuable crops that stock-owners can cultivate; but they are essentially a heavy and rich land crop, and in winter, as already stated, they can be grown only in the warmer parts of the country.

Horseshoe Ice-Creeper.

Although there is not likely to be an immediate call for such a contrivance as that of which I give an illustration—for we cannot expect hard frost for some time to come—there is nothing like being prepared. A smart blacksmith, equal to making an ice-creeper of this pattern, would be certain of a good sale once the frost sets in. It can be detachably connected to a horseshoe, and is so arranged that it can be adjusted to shoes of different sizes. It comprises curved side members formed with grooves, so that they can be fitted on to the inner edges of the horseshoe. These members carry cauls at each end for engaging the ice.



AN EFFECTIVE ICE-CREEPER.

The side members are held in position by a turnbuckle which is operated to spread them apart. Each side member is formed of two sections, one of which is threaded into the other, so that they can be adjusted to any desired size or form of horseshoe.

Our Rural Readers

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"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

MR. PINERO, in "A Wife Without a Smile," has contributed a most extraordinary specimen of farcical writing, depending for its success upon mechanical expedients to a great extent. The critic of the *Times* has coined a new word to describe the purpose for which the doll is employed. Mr. Walkley calls the doll an "erotometer," because the doll is connected with a sofa in an upper room where two lovers are spooning, and their rapturous embraces, being communicated to the action of the doll as it dangles from the ceiling of the room beneath, lead to a most extraordinary display of hilarity on the part of the audience—at least, those who entirely comprehend Mr. Pinero's fun; for, truth to tell, there were some who, like the wife who is the heroine of the farce, could not discover the point of the joke or that there was anything to amuse them beyond a dancing doll such as might enliven dull children kept indoors on a showery day. The experiment of the doll is made by Mr. Rippingill, a Civil servant, who has a wife so grave that Rippingill, a practical joker, cannot awaken the slightest sense of humour in his spouse. The upper room is occupied by a young couple, and Rippingill's device leads to sundry daring suggestions connected with the divorce court, with complications on all sides—most extravagant, yet most laughable. I venture to say that Mr. Pinero is the only author living who would have the courage to produce such a farce; but unquestionably, "A Wife Without a Smile" will prove successful. Every playgoer will go to see the Dancing Doll.

Mr. Zangwill is hardly justified in his sweeping assertion that half the theatres of London are turned into music-halls. In looking at the question fairly and impartially I find a very strong case may be made out on the other side. For instance, while some of the best productions of the musical class may fail to please Mr. Zangwill, they find favour with the public. So charming an opera as "Veronique," by one of the most gifted of living composers, sustained by admirable vocalists, may safely be compared with such a farce as "A Wife Without a Smile," even with the reputation Mr. Pinero has acquired; and "The Cingalee" is not without attractions of a very positive kind. I could name several other musical pieces thoroughly excellent in their way, to show that the modern stage is not deserving of Mr. Zangwill's hasty censure.

Mr. John Hollingshead, who died last week at the age of seventy-seven, was certainly one of the most remarkable men ever



Photo, Bassano

MISS MARGARET HALSTON,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MR. J. H. MORGAN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

connected with the stage. He was a man of varied talents, and none of them were hid under a bushel. His name will always be associated with the Gaiety Theatre and the brilliant company who shone in the light of "the sacred lamp." But as a literary man he displayed much ability, and I could always read with pleasure his bright and outspoken comments on topics of the day. A lively little book of his was called "Plain English," and had some charming articles on Parisian theatres. A friend, he says, asked whether he had ever seen the Théâtre Français, and he replied that he "had a loathing for the French classical drama, and doubted if any Frenchman living could sit out one of Voltaire's prosy dramas." A very clever description follows. Mr. Hollingshead was intimate with most of the celebrated personages of his time.

I have often wondered at the important place in Denmark given by Shakspeare to Elsinore, which is declared by a recent visitor to be totally unlike the description in "Hamlet." For instance, on the appearance of the Ghost, Hamlet is warned not to be tempted to the "dreadful summit of the cliff that beetles o'er its base into the sea," and, again, "The moon in russet mantle clad walks o'er the dew of you high eastward hill." As a matter of fact, there is no cliff beetling o'er the sea, nor is there any high eastward hill near, as the Swedish sea-side resort of Helsingborg is opposite. The great poet relied on the accounts given by players of the period, who visited Elsinore in 1585, and their description really fitted better with the aspect of Kronberg, where Frederick II. kept high festival.

It can hardly have escaped the notice of the playgoer that King Charles II. and the Restoration period have supplied the materials of several modern plays. "His Majesty's Servant," at the Imperial, is the most important, and is made interesting by the personal magnetism of Mr. Lewis Waller. Then there is "The Master of Kingsgift," produced on Monday night at the Avenue, in the same vein, so that we can see the Merry Monarch on the stage of two theatres at the same time. Once the Restoration was a favourite theme for musical as well as dramatic works, and I remember a very pleasant and melodious opera by the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, formerly Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, but long forgotten.

It appears that Mrs. Langtry has discovered a strong resemblance in the plot of "The Freedom of Suzanne" to the play "Mrs. Dering's



SAVED BY A DOG: SAGACIOUS RETRIEVER HELPS TO RESCUE A CREW.

During a recent gale the ketch "Maria," of Brussels, was driven ashore near Sandhaven. The vessel was in great danger of breaking up, when a retriever was sent through the water bringing a rope to land. By this means the crew was rescued.

Divorce," in which she was so successful in America. In that piece it seems that the heroine, like Suzanne, being divorced, is willing to "kiss and be friends" with the husband she has discarded. As "The Freedom of Suzanne" is announced at the Criterion on Nov. 10, we shall most likely hear something more respecting the similarity of the two plots, but let us hope that the supposed likeness will not lead to legal proceedings and a Chancery injunction.

Mr. Maskelyne is completely transforming St. George's Hall, and making a charming theatre in its place. He has enlarged the stage by taking two houses adjoining, and former visitors to the German Reed entertainment will hardly recognise the old St. George's Hall in the beautiful and handsomely decorated auditorium.

A report has appeared in the Press to the effect that smoking in theatres was likely to be inaugurated by Mr. George Edwardes at the Gaiety Theatre, but that gentleman ridicules the

idea as altogether inconsistent with the habits and tastes of West-End theatres. Mr. Edwardes says, even if he had permission to "blow a cloud" in a theatre under his management, he would rather continue the present system and leave to the music-halls the privilege, if such it could be considered.

Already inquiries are being made at Drury Lane as to seats for "The White Cat" on Boxing Night. They will only have a few days to wait, for I hear that the box-office will open about the end of the present month, and long before the Christmas festive season is upon us I anticipate that Mr. Arthur Collins will be glad to be given a return such as has never been surpassed and probably never equalled in the records of Old Drury. "The White Cat" is full of fantastic drolleries of the real old-fashioned pantomimic kind, and I am happy to say that Mr. Dan Leno is feeling so much better that he is looking forward to Boxing Night with the utmost confidence, especially as Mr. Collins, in his desire to keep Dan in good trim for the

opening, is not troubling the popular comedian with excessive rehearsals. The company will be a first-rate one, and the Grigolati troupe will again enliven the revels of Pussy with their graceful and picturesque gyrations. In short, my juvenile friends may expect a treat indeed, and children of a larger growth will forget their cares in contemplation of the delightful scenes through which the White Cat will gambol.

I mentioned recently that a most unpleasant poster had been exhibited on the boardings of a seaside town, and had greatly offended the more refined class of visitors. At the annual dinner of the London Bill-Posters' Protection Association this particularly offensive bill was referred to, and I am glad to record the prompt repudiation of this form of advertisement by the committee, one of the members having journeyed to the place referred to in order to satisfy himself that the cause of complaint no longer existed. Some humorous speeches were given at the above dinner, Mr. Burton, for instance, claiming that the bill-poster provided

a Royal Academy Exhibition for the "man in the street."

The Court Theatre, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. J. H. Leigh, has been so improved in comfort and elegance that it now ranks with the most popular establishments of the West End, if, indeed, it does not surpass most of them. The stage, never before satisfactory, is now admirable for its sight-line, and the proscenium in its present form makes a charming frame to the stage pictures. The decorations of white and gold are in the best possible taste, and will agree with the toilettes of fair visitors. Several amateur dramatic societies have already booked at the Court, and the final attraction to be mentioned is the abolition of the fee system.

"John Bull's Other Island," by Mr. Bernard Shaw, is one of those cynical plays so characteristic of the author, and will be produced on Nov. 1 at the Court Theatre, with a splendid company.

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